

## LEO X

COMPARED WITH LEO TOLSTOI  
AND INGERSOLL.

The Cowardly Old Pontiff, On His  
Supposed Deathbed, Is Terrified  
at the Prospect of His  
Shuffling Off.

Is Impatient and Petulant—Suspects  
Those Around Him—Sees  
a Ghost.

The Cardinals Are Trying to Kill Him  
And Are Squabbling And Scheming  
as to Who Shall Get  
Into Old Peco's Pon-  
tiffal Slippers.

A Disgraceful Death Will End a Worse  
Than Worseless Life.

I write this on the morning of July 11, then, from the news that have, there seems danger that the Pope will get well. All roads lead to Italy more truly than "all roads lead to Rome."

Nothing has occurred in our time has more perfectly sustained the infidel position than the current illness of the Pope. For example, of great leaders are the dead Ingalls and the living Leo Tolstois. Tolstois is named Leo—a lion—because his parents so named him. The Pope is named Leo—a lion—because he so named himself.

Leo XIII is a fair type of a great Christian, the greatest of all living Christians, supposing him to be alive as I write. Leo is the head of the Catholic party in the Catholic religion, by far the greater part of that religion.

The head of Protestantism, almost corresponding with the Pope, is Edward VII., a dirty dog, too, I am a friend of all this that a man can gain in all the honorable departments of life. In the midst of the full enjoyment of all of these he renounces them all and became poor and devoted every energy of a herculean intellect, moral and physical, to doing good for humanity, and today as old as the Pope, he is still intensely bending every energy to the scientific and philosophic annihilation of humanity and he has done said thousands and thousands of things that endear him to the hearts of all the great and good the world over.

Leo XIII, who named himself after the pope as a "lion" and whose very name, Peco, is almost the Latin word for "lion," was born to a life of intrigue in Christianity, the most miserable of all the frauds of all the ages, has never said or done anything that would pay the world for the salt in his blood, has gone from obscurity and comparative insignificance to the most disgraceful wealth, arrogance and vanity known to any modern day, and has his last picture taken while he stands with his hand held up blessing the people, posing as "His Holiness," and as sitting on a gorgeous throne with a three-story crown on his head, meaning that he is monarch of heaven, earth and hell, and with a beautiful woman kneeling before him kissing his foot, as no man worthy the name of a man would do.

Jesus Christ, whose Vicar this disgusting old fraud is, sat still and let the alms-houses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man be prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the deaths—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; or the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man be prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever separate."—Grant.

"The same whatever is the government founded upon the Christian religion."—Washington.

The divorce between Church and State should be absolute."—Garfield.

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645-247 Ashland Ave., Chicago 19

## DOG FENNEL

IN THE ORIGIN

IS NOW NEARLY READY TO BE  
MAILED TO ITS SUB-  
SCRIBERS.

Please Send Your \$1.00 Each and  
Save Us Time and Expense of  
Notifying You by Letter.

By the time you see this in print "Dog Fennel" will be about ready to go to the bindery to be bound, or will be in two or three days of it, and will go to you in a couple of weeks longer.

The book, taken all around, in its contents, and in its mechanical get up, is fully as much as I had hoped for.

It has its faults—some pretty glaring ones perhaps—but you will read it, I believe with interest.

I saw and heard a great deal in the most interesting voyage in the whole world, and I have told about it plainly—but you will see that I am telling the truth, and if you are what you ought to be the truth is what you want.

It is a big thing and somewhat expensive to notify all the subscribers for the book, and though, of course, this will be done if you do not send the dollar without notification, it will greatly assist us if as many as possible will send the \$1 without being notified, and, of course, the book will be sent first to those who have paid first.

One Cardinal placed a large room in the Vatican full of chairs that had valuable things in them, and the Cardinal placed a large room in the Vatican full of chairs that had valuable things in them, and the Cardinal placed a large room in the Vatican full of chairs that had valuable things in them.

The press dispatches state that it is the custom of the people to look it up upon the death of each Pope. This means that as soon as he is dead the religious that have access to the Vatican will steal everything that they can carry away, and that the poor dupes of Catholicism, including American Irish Catholics, railway hands, and wash-women and servant girls, will have to save their hard earnings enough to outfit the Vatican again, to be robbed again when the next Pope dies.

The Cardinals are conducting their correspondence in cipher to keep each other from finding out their schemes. All of this is what indignity wants. A Protestant clergy are no better than the Catholics, but there is more intelligence among Protestants, and this will finally so disgust all intelligent Protestants against Christianity that they will get the cream of all Protestant intelligence and the religious slogan will then be "Rome or nothing," and that is what we want.

Brother Moore seems to be discouraged because he does not receive more letters about the circulation of the Blade. He writes that though the boys and girls have gone back on him, Na. say, Charles Chilton! Don't worry about it. We are all with you.

The trouble is, what's there to see? Of course, we all hope to see the Blade's circulation reach the 10,000 mark and some of us are working the postal card system. I remember seeing, or at least I think so, where one man offered to pay \$2.50 annually provided you receive 99 others who will do likewise.

I appreciate that man's generosity and will send him a part of \$2.50 annually for "material" warfare, but why place a limitation to the general? Now, I am willing to purchase five postal cards for \$2.50 annually as long as the publishers are willing to do so. I do not care who else will follow this plan, but I want to know, I want to pay one dollar for my own Blade irrespective of the five postal cards I get.

I have often wondered why the Blade carries that column, "Blade Carries That Column," and every day the paper, it conveys no information and affords no enjoyment whatever, at all.

Now, why not publish name of subscribers who send \$2.50 for five postal cards to the use of his or her name for such a purpose. It is not at all a business, and I have no tendency of getting others into it, I therefore, suggest the above heading. Let us place the names of those who have sent for five postal cards upon the heading and keep that column in the Blade and watch that column grow.

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## EIGHT HUNDRED PERSONS

STRUCK BY A STORM

Struck by a Windstorm, Huge Tent  
In Which Christian Endeavor  
Services Were Held  
Collapsed.

(Cincinnati Times-Star.)  
Denver, Colo., July 14.—Nearly a score of persons were hurt, one seriously and 8,000 badly frightened Monday by the collapse of the large tent in which the Christian Endeavor convention is being held. A sudden wind from the west, blowing in the midst of the services the big balloon at once swelled up like a huge balloon as the smoke steadily rose forward its advanced agent of wind. Women screamed and men rushed for the outside, and suddenly as it came, the wind died out and the huge canvas sank like a blanket over the vast assembly, smothering the screams of the women and knocking people as they fled. The ascent of the canvas had pulled the goody-goody she had dematerialized. But the form had not entered the cabinet where sat the audience. The tent was a mass of convincing evidences I have had the much-needed and much-abused form of modern medicine, "materialization." Once as I held the natural feeling hand of a man who so strongly resembled the dead, and one, whose words had the true ring, and as I looked into the face and saw the light of the tender words, I felt this form sinking. I felt the dimming, I saw the lips move as the head sank to a head on the floor at my feet and as the "goody-goody" was spoken and the eyes looked up and were seen in the form had disappeared. Lanny had lost the power.

The form of one continuing to possess, wherein his grand soul dwelt as an immortal being whose love for his fellow men was his life. No one has a right to class me as a liar or a fool. Who does so is less truth-telling and more than I have been my fortune to have been.

They have the city of  
ALLIE LINDSEY LYNCH,  
610 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE OLD GRINDSTONE.  
The incidents of childhood's years,  
With pleasure we relate,  
The tales of hardships now long past,  
Perhaps we oft relate,  
But thoughts of one experience  
Still clutch us to the bone;  
Twas when our elders called us out  
To turn the old grindstone.  
No matter what the hour,  
And other sport and work was stopped  
To furnish motive power  
For sharpening our knife, ax or scythe.  
We relays and alone,  
He called and cried the while we toiled  
Upon the old grindstone.

When "working bees" were being planned,  
The help for many a mile,  
Would bring their implements, and chat  
And "sharpen up" meanwhile,  
They'd say—"Young ones should earn their keep,  
And their bacon and corn pone."  
And then we knew our fate was sealed  
To turn the old grindstone.

And how these "grown-ups" would bear on  
And say to us—"Turn fast."  
Lift pausing breath and flapping face  
Warned them to stop at last  
To try the "auge" and light the pipe,  
While we with inward moan,  
Would wait the time for smooching work  
Upon the old grindstone.

At times we saw our father with  
The cradle in his arms,  
Start from the clearing to the house,  
And when we heard him start  
Would hide to shirk the grinding, but  
Our error was soon shown.  
For never then performed our work  
Upon the old grindstone.

No well adjusted belts had we,  
Like those in use today;  
No trade gear to do the work,  
With ease alone we play.  
But hick'ry pole, on saw-buck frame,  
Supported discs of stone,  
At every turn the handle made  
Unearthly creak and groan.

We smile as we remember now  
The scenes of early life;  
The many hardships, hopes and fears,  
Which, when the dewdrops were ripe,  
But this experience remains,  
And stands forth quite alone—  
The sturdy frame, the worked horse,  
Beside the old grindstone.

HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

AGED PREACHER ELOPES.  
Leaves Oklahoma Home With Pretty Girl of Eighteen.

Guthrie, Ok., July 2.—After morning prayer, thus having his family practically homeless, the Rev. J. K. Pomeroy, of Cook, Ok., has eloped with Miss Johnnie Pomeroy, his daughter. Their present whereabouts are unknown.

For many years he has been a medical practitioner. He was 50 years old, and leaves an estimable wife.

He was the father of seven children. All but two are living.

The eloping couple drove overland to Holbrook, where they passed as the preacher's daughter. It is believed that they have gone to Canada.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the postal card system of subscription which we have adopted as a method of increasing the circulation of "The Blade" and causing it to spread the gospel of Free Thought among a large class of people. The system is novel and expedient and one that is easy to understand. For the simple outlay of \$2.50 you can get five of these cards and insert any name you wish and which you have received as a certificate of a paid subscription for one year in behalf of the person whose name is given on the card. Another idea which is suggested and which seems to be a good one is to send your name for two months, say, and at the expiration of that time, let the paper be sent to another person, who will also so receive it for two months and so on. In this way means the people get an opportunity to see "The Blade" and read it and many of them may, in time, become permanent subscribers. Several hundred of these cards have been printed and they are now ready for distribution. Try it for a season and help us to build up the circulation of "The Blade" so that it may reach the people who need it. This is where "The Blade" ought to be if our friends will all pull together to help it along. Send your name for five cards and see how it works.

THE WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.  
Is of special interest to every one. To give an idea of the buildings as they will appear when completed, we have published a series of drawings, 31x12, which will be mailed on receipt of ten cents (silver or stamps) to create postage. Address: GEORGE MORTON, M. K. & T. Ry., Box 911, St. Louis, Mo.

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# THE ASPIRATION

Of My Life is to Get Those 10,000 Subscribers for the Blade.

The Blue Grass Blade, as a newspaper, has now come up to the standard that I aspired to make it when I began it, and is much more than I really ever expected to attain. It is devoted to the greatest cause on earth and it has the finest writers on earth to defend that cause.

It has now attained such a permanency that my death would not make it lose a single issue. No infidel publication of the world has achieved such endless variety in the presentation of its causes, and the popularity of the paper is continually increasing. There is only one thing about it that hurts me, and that hurts pretty bad; and that is that its friends do not secure the 10,000 subscribers that I ask for, when they ought to do it and could do it and not half try.

A discussion like that between Dr. Pohl and Mr. Mullen ought to be read by a million people. The trouble with our people is that they are not willing to make sacrifice for our cause. Each one stands back and waits for the other to do what they all ought to be doing, when each one should take pride in making sacrifice for the cause.

The Christians started out at the beginning of this century to raise \$20,000,000 to make the greatest religious revival the world ever saw. They claimed long ago to have gotten nearly that amount. They were either lying about it, or the preachers fobbed the money, for we have not only not had any great religious revival, but have seen no special effort on our part.

The Blade has over 4,000 subscribers and asks for \$2,000, and I will be simply disgraced if the 10,000 readers of the Blade cannot raise for this great cause as small a sum as that—only 23.33 cents. As soon as you get 10,000 subscribers I am satisfied that that many I can get 25,000 subscribers and then I would get the Blade at 50 cents a single copy and 25 cents in case of five and more, and would then get 10,000 subscribers. It is certainly very discouraging to me that with all I have written on this subject it remains a fact that no man or woman who is prominent in infidel propaganda has even written a single line or sent a single cent of money. I do not care what you do in that work. It is the severest cut I have ever had in all my work in this cause. I do not care what you do with my money. I don't even want to see it, and don't see it. I have sacrificed every financial interest in this cause and in my old age my home is mortgaged and is for sale. I want the honor of dying a poor man, but I don't want my wife or children to be rich, because being rich does not make people good or happy, and they use it as the infidel Carnegie does.

But this is not justice to me. Your praise of me is very gratifying, but as far as it goes, but that is a small matter. You cannot reasonably expect anybody to do more for this cause than I have done. Mr. Hughes has to live and has to have money to publish this paper, and it is your duty to do not say your privilege—it is your duty as men and women, if you really appreciate the importance of this matter, to send subscribers for this paper and send the money at 50 cents apiece in clubs of five or more, and send this money now and get it back the best way you can, if you want to do so, but send it now, and even if you do, please "get busy" and arouse yourselves to the importance of this matter.

With all the villainy being exposed in the infidel or infidelizing of a Pope, almost any infidelizing Catholic house-girl is paying more to keep up her church than the biggest people are paying to infidelize. Yes, I am sure that no one has so discouraged me that it gives me that tired feeling when I read these pieces come under the head, "Why I Am an Atheist."

We have got to quit blowing ourselves and go to work on the same thing. I do not intend to print another one of them after this appears in the Blade. I have just received one of these atheistic letters from Judge Parrish B. Ladd, of Alameda, California. He is a great man with a great brain, and his avowal of Atheism is very significant. It goes to show that that is the trend of the most competent infidel thought at this day and Atheism is the thing with which to meet our Christianity, and it has been all right and this symposium has put the Blue Grass Blade at the very head of the most advanced thought in the world. But Judge Ladd waited until he saw how the "cat had jumped" and then he writes his little piece, announcing his Atheism, but after all I have said about increasing the circulation of the Blade he does not even allude to that subject. If the Blade's friends will not help me in this matter, of course, I will have to print just what they are willing to write; but the thing is that I would rather print an inch saying that the writer sends \$2.50 for five subscribers for the Blade, than to print three columns of the most magnificent "wind jamming" that was ever written.

If there is any "wind jamming" to be done I can do it myself. The Blade will subside and you all can go ahead again in your former style of writing. Hetman Wattenberg, of Pittsburgh, Ga., has written me a long letter for publication. He has a brilliant scheme for getting 5,000 subscribers for the Blade Magazine as soon as one or two issues of it can be gotten out. It is to fill that magazine with all the best things that he has to write about that he says will occupy about a year. I don't know what the things are, for I do not know the meanings of the words in the names of them.

I would rather be in hell bare-footed than to edit such a magazine if I could make \$100,000 a year by it. But Wattenberg is too modest to mention the matter of any such carnal and subhuman thing as money in connection with all this. Oh, no, he is angels or anybody else can furnish the money, the big thing is to have a great and massive brain, like Wattenberg's, back of a thing like this—almost anybody will just tumble over each other to get to put the money for a great magazine like that.

Some people make me so tired that I sometimes am just tempted to "go way back and sit down," and shut my head for the balance of my days. Hughes and his wife and his child are all little people anyhow, and it's not healthy to eat too much, and if Hughes wants a little something to eat now and then, and to give a little grub once in a while to those of us who go to see him, while to keep these Kentucky crows from bringing it to him as the ravens did to Elisha over yonder in Palestine that was said to be a fool for not doing so, but though Elisha is dead, there are millions of Elishas there yet, and I saw that I want it to be understood that on the subject of increasing the circulation of the Blade, from the one who is to be a subscriber, read any one of Mr. Ingersoll's lectures, or one or more of the masterly subjects of the N. L. P. The N. L. P. is all right and I want to see at St. Louis in 1904, at the N. L. P. grand gathering of infidels that the world ever saw, but the way to do it is to get 10,000 subscribers for the Blade.

You do that and I will see that we will have the heathen glory at St. Louis, and I am all right. It is just the man we want for the place that he fills as Secretary of the N. L. P. and his wife and his child are in the business and now I want to have my say about getting 10,000 subscribers. If nobody else will write about it I am going to fill this paper full of my own writing, and do not do for any man but God's earth as a "wind jammer," except old Bro. George Washington Meade, who I want to see at the N. L. P. but he has put up the money for his "wind jamming" in the Blade—\$250 at 50 cents a copy.

Please let me know what you are going to do about this. If you are against it say so, and I will print it as soon as I will print anything else; but don't go into a "conspiracy of silence" to beat me by not saying anything until you think you have really worn me out, and then you can go to writing again about something that I do not care what you say. If you don't do better than you are doing, I don't care what you say. I am sure at 50 cents each, this thing will be kept up until somebody else's money is hurt. I don't care what you say about hurting my feelings, and then here are some infidels who are laying for me. I don't care what you say about my insulting the "Free-thinkers," as they call them, of America.

The way to do—and you all know it, and have not the backbone to do it—is to get 10,000 subscribers for the Blade right now the money for subscribers at the 50-cent rate, or tell anybody to tell anybody that you can't do it, and say anything that you can say, to encourage others to do it.

I don't want any articles for the Blade on any other subject until I have either gotten those 10,000 subscribers, or have announced to you through the Blade, that I am discouraged and have given it all up.

**PROCLAMATION FOR AN INGERSOLL MEMORIAL DAY.**  
To the Liberals of the United States, I greet:  
The National Liberal Party hereby recognizes the 10th day of May, the birthday of the greatest and noblest man ever born on American soil, as a day for the fitting observance by all Liberals, by holding meetings in halls, or by giving picnics, or by holding a picnic, or by the Sunday nearest to that day. The late is a happy one—coming in mid-May, the day after the 9th of May, at a time when men can leave their labors, and when cheap rates of travel may be had.

Besides, at this mid-season of the year, when enthusiasm is sluggish, it is essential that Liberals have some incentive to arouse them from a general apathy. What greater incentive could fit the mind of the man who broke the lack of bigotry, and forced upon a fanatical public a decent respect for free speech and for free thought.  
We owe this respect to Col. Ingersoll, and we owe it to ourselves, that we sustain the advantages and liberties gained by his audacious, persistent, and relentless aggressiveness. Let not Liberalism permit his name and fame to be culled as was that of Paine. Activity upon our part, with regard to checking the clerical calumny which is already being heaped upon his memory, is our duty. Let us not allow the annual memorial to his memory. If we suffer his memory to die, our alliance will be encouraged to the memory of his vituperations. We cannot afford to lose even a small advantage gained. We permit the influence of Ingersoll to wane or to be weakened, we recede and grow weaker ourselves.

Therefore, let Liberals of cities or adjoining counties meet on August 10th, or the Sunday nearest to that day, and fitting honor to the memory of Col. Ingersoll, and at the same time make the Harvest Feast of the year. We desire that a report of every celebration, no matter how few may be entered, will be sent to our secretary, the same to be published. This will encourage the observance of the day, and each year will find the number of memorial meetings increasing. Can we have reports of meetings? We ought to receive at least 100; but

if we get 25 or 50 for a start we will feel satisfied. In a few years, these memorial meetings will come to be regarded as a fixed Liberal custom, and they will be looked forward to with pleasant anticipation. All that is needed is the start, and it is fitting that this National Liberal Party assume the lead.

Every Liberal should go prepared to deliver an oration, or to make a few remarks, or to read some extract from the speech of Col. Ingersoll. For a present convenience we offer the following:

- (1) Addresses by the Presiding officer.
- (2) Music (if it can be arranged for).
- (3) Biographical sketch of Col. Ingersoll.
- (4) Reading or Recitation; Declaration of the Free.
- (5) Music.
- (6) Reading: Extracts from Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.
- (7) Miscellaneous Extracts.
- (8) Eulogy by the Orator of the Day.

The above programme may be added any other feature desired by those attending. If no speaker can be procured, the mass of the audience may read any one of Mr. Ingersoll's lectures, or one or more of the masterly subjects of the N. L. P. The N. L. P. is all right and I want to see at St. Louis in 1904, at the N. L. P. grand gathering of infidels that the world ever saw, but the way to do it is to get 10,000 subscribers for the Blade.

**PASSING OF THE POPE.**

By Robert Montfort Lucky.  
Peace be still  
The Pope is passing  
To the Spirit's silent hour  
The Nations faithful come to mourn  
The stillness of his hier.  
His reign is done. And  
Mild the heavens hoarded portions  
Amid a pauper's bed of hell.  
He lies in state, the potentate,  
Of earth and mystery.  
Portentous sounds the ages message,  
But Nature on exalted throne  
Controlleth still all those who come  
To smile and sign in mortal realm.  
And pass beyond its solemn border.

Peace be still  
The Christ is passing  
As the steam of vapor goes,  
The fire is out, naught but ashes  
Prove existence of the flame.  
Which the fendish greed consumed  
The brains and brawn of human kind.

Peace be still  
The King is passing  
Appetite King of human greed,  
In whose horror chambers moaning  
Men have perished in the gloom,  
Souls have sped the path to doom;  
Bones alone are meaning answer  
To the wanderers' holy quest.

Peace be still  
The man is passing  
Nature laid upon the heights  
To fold within maternal bosom  
The remnant of the faithful horde,  
While Clot on the Century's scroll  
Inscribes the blackness of his reign.  
Williamstown, Ky.

**DEFENSES SOCIALISM.**  
Many people are Christians just because they were born and trained to be such. Many people are Democrats or Republicans just because they were born and trained to be such. Many people are thought or investigated for themselves. When the Christian begins to think for himself, lays aside his prejudice, uses his judgment, reason and common sense, informs himself, he repudiates Christianity, and seeks something higher, nobler, better. He becomes what is known as a Free-thinker, Liberal, Infidel. When the old line infidel politicians begin to think and investigate for himself, overcomes his partisan hatred and prejudices, informs himself as to whether the tactics and policies of his time-honored party are for the best interests of his country and are meeting the most justice to the great number of his fellow citizens, he becomes a Socialist. Hence all Socialists are Free-thinkers, and all Free-thinkers are Socialists—opposed to capitalistic methods and policies. Religious intolerance, persecution and tyranny produced the Free-thinker, the Infidel. Political injustice, oppression and inequality produced the Socialist. Both are the natural offshoot of similar conditions. Both are being kicked and cuffed about from pillar to post by the same principle of "I don't care who sinks just so I swim."

The Socialist and Free-thinker have the same noble aspiration for freedom of mind and body—the betterment of the condition of mankind.  
"In union there is strength." Why should two strong ones be pulling separately or in different directions trying to remove the same burden? What is the matter that the National Liberal Party and the Socialist party cannot unite their forces and all pull together? Both parties favor woman's rights and woman suffrage. Both are for initiative and referendum. Both fighting monopoly. Both

in favor of complete separation of church and State. Both opposed to class privileges. Both stand for freedom of speech and press. Both striving to uphold the human race and better the condition of mankind.

In the great impending struggle between capital and labor that confronts the American people today, that is destined to plunge this nation into the most dreadful revolution of modern times, the human race and better the condition of mankind. The downfall of capitalism will be the downfall of ecclesiastical persecution and power, and that is all we Free-thinkers care to accomplish, so far as the church is concerned.

I am just beginning to study Socialism, and may be wrong in suggesting a union of forces. Will some of the older and better informed brethren or sisters express themselves along this line? I notice that Socialists have been very liberal takers of the books which I have had for distribution, the Age of Reason and Facts Worth Knowing, which indicates that there is some congeniality between Socialists and Liberals.

JESSE RUSSELL,  
Hardyville, Ky.

**Rough on the "Juse."**  
Burk, Idaho, July 15, 1903.  
Brother Moore:  
Sir I see that you are as Baid as the christians are on the Juse question you now that the ant are god then haven't now as for the Juse. But a Juse is given them their Just dues by kien them, a Jue nows (noble) nows no kindness nows no nothing, they have feth On all of the hard times Wich Strikes the Country, now you say the Banks Close, we rob the poor people, it was the Juse that feth on the Bore wore which (illegible) those people of the land and murdered those women and Children. In that land there is much en Jue here (illegible) tells me that it is the Juse students in the schools which cause all the trubl, then Go out and ravish the rusen woman and girls ever on and asyle.

I don't hear the press sain one thing about those Juse Marling Girls in new York and putting them in Huses Of ill fam som of them have high as 5, 6, wites all in houses of ill fam and even those round and Clacks from their shame those Juse wident hav a government of ther one the Codent handel the mony Wich Steten all.

rusey will do just rit to kill every Juey in rusey, the greets tried it on with the turks thinking all the turks would (illegible) in and kill all of the turks, that would Be all rit. I thot your paper had som sens, but I see that you havent got any more sens than the Christians hav.

I am a Cathlic.

**SHORT LETTERS.**  
Belleville, Kan., July 14, 1903.  
Editor Blue Grass Blade:  
Dear Sir—Please find enclosed express order for one dollar to renew my subscription to the Blue Grass Blade.

Mr. Markell requested me to ask you if you would please inform him of the book he called which he writes by Roosevelt in which he calls Thomas Paine "a filthy little Atheist," and where he can get the book, as he has failed to many people who say that Roosevelt has never written a book and he wishes to prove that it is not so.

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In 1, 2, 3 or 4 Ounce Silverine Screw Cases Prepaid

Deuber-Hampden, 18 size, "Special R-Way," 23 Jls., \$32; same 21 Jls., \$24; "New R-Way," 23 Jls., \$26; "John Hancock" 21 Jls., \$21; "Deuber W. Co." 21 Jls., \$19; same 17 Jls., \$16.  
Elgin; "Veritas," 23 Jls., \$25; same "No. 140," "150," "181," all 21 Jls., \$25; "Father Time," 21 Jls., or new "B. V. Raymond," 19 Jls., \$20; "Raymond," 17 Jls., \$18.50.  
Waltham; "Vanguard," 23 Jls., \$29; same 21 Jls., \$25; "Crescent Str." 21 Jls., \$20; "Appleton, Tracey & Co." "Premier" (new) 17 Jls., \$18.50; same (old "Premier") 17 Jls., nickel, \$16.  
The above guaranteed to pass R. Way inspectors.  
Waltham, "P. S. Bartlett," or Elgin "Wheeler" 17 Jls., nickel, and 7 Jls., same, gilt, \$9; same, Hampden, nickel, \$10. Elgin, Waltham or Hampden, nickel, 15 Jls., \$7; Elgin or Waltham, nickel, 7 Jls., (non-changeable hair-spring), \$5; Hampden, 7 Jls., gilt, \$4.50; "Standard" or "Century," \$5.  
The above in gold-filled screw cases, guaranteed twenty years, \$3.50, or in hunting \$5.50 more. In 25-year screw cases, \$6, or hunting \$7.50.  
Small (12) size, Hampden, elegant, artistic hand-chased, or "engine-turned" ("Jaegermann" style—always in vogue), gold-filled hunting case, guaranteed 25 years, "Gen'l Stark," 15 Jls., \$15; "Deuber Grand" 17 Jls., adjusted, \$17.50; "John Hancock," 21 Jls., extra fine, \$28.50; in open face hinged case, 50 cts. screw, \$11 less.  
All watches guaranteed new, perfect; cases latest designs, hand chased (no die-work, "engraving") and accompanied by m'f's and m'f's pay freight, and watches kept in order one year if well used.  
Send for prices of ladies' 16 size, solid gold, silver and other watches not listed above, Diamonds, Opals, Silver, Plated and Optical goods, Music Boxes, Jewelry, Chains, Clacks, Free-thought and other badges, Ingersoll Spoons and my tract "Theism in the Crucible" free.

**OTTO WETTSTEIN**  
La Grange, Ill.

been anything but an Atheist, as I never know any reason for being anything else. Respectfully,  
J. M. RICHARDSON.

Answer—Thanks; you will be notified as soon as the book is ready and I think I may get you some more subscribers for it. I will try.  
Respectfully,  
JOHN LAWRENCE.

**EXCURSION TO ATLANTIC CITY AND RETURN**  
Queen & Crescent Routes.  
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**CONVENT CRUELITIES.**  
Is the title of a pamphlet by a former monk. Besides the introduction, the pamphlet discloses "How this Becomes the Brides of Christ," "A Peep into the Convent," "The Convent Horrors," "Taking the Veil," etc. Its tales are thrilling. For a sample copy send in cents in silver to HENRY A. SULLIVAN, 209 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ills.

**LOUISVILLE, HENDERSON & ST. LOUIS RY**  
I am hoping to be situated in a way so long, that will give me a broader range to work in.  
Sincerely,  
LUCY WATERS PHELPS.

Ottawa, Ills., July 16, 1903.  
Mr. Charles C. Moore:  
Dear Sir—Meeting Mr. George W. Townsend, last Sunday, he wished me to send him name, and that of Mr. Robert Kawn, of Ottawa, as subscribers for Dog Fennel. They are both subscribers for the Blade.

I received a letter from Mrs. Henry saying that she is sick and can not write any for the Blade at present. I am very sorry. She is the ablest writer of the age. Yours truly,  
CHESTER MARTIN.

Grafton, W. Va., July 17, 1903.  
Dear Brother Moore:  
Ray helped me draft for \$5.00 pay for subscription to Dog Fennel in the Orient. I am past 67 years of age and have been sick for a year and a half and have not done a day's work in that time, but I hope to live long enough to read Dog Fennel.

Yours truly, W. F. POE.  
Sigueyrou, Iowa, July 15, 1903.  
Dear Sir—Being a reader and admirer of the Blade, I am of course, in possession of a hardshell and desire a copy of Dog Fennel as soon as it is published. Will send the dollar when the book is received.  
Am 67 years old and have never

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